

his ^{his} forth; his joys are absolutely no idea of
the delicious colouring, the perfect combinations,
with mere cotton charming!

A quarter of a mile or so above the Abbey is Hartington
Seat, said to have been so named by the present
Duke ^{of Devonshire} in his design as the prospect - devoted to
Rugby, strongly ~~is~~ ^{the} scene is one of exquisite
beauty. Hitherto the Wharf, hasty & hortentious,
has hurried down hill in a very straight course, by
here, finding himself on an easy level, amidst
scenes of tempting beauty, he indulges in
vagaries, & makes his progress less & less like the banks
of Ruth, running in one delicious rounded
curve after another. On the rounded
bank, fringed with alder & dotted with elms
& ash, is the Abbey, planted on a rise,
rather high terrace which slopes to the river.
The stile is visible ^{near the} a clump of trees
betrays the length of the building partly concealed
by trees: columns & arches appear within the
northern transept; the ornate pinnacles thick mark
the south arm rising against a back ground of
purple, you see through the choir windows
to the green - tree - slopes beyond, while pines
& grasses wave within; the glorious ~~one~~ of
the eastern window you only get in profile, &
a line with it, the boughs far down repeat
the meeting curves of the Gothic arch. Indeed
the white umbrella pine artist approves a
pleasing - kind - of sympathy, while a snow - white
calf poised on the lawn abysmal feet is not a
bad substitute for the Doe of Kyleton. Beyond
the gleaming river with a thick fringe of trees,

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now, another curve round a rising meadow, latter is out of view, but again the gleam of water catches the eye under the distant arch of Bolton Bridge; after that you see the Wharfe no more, but complices its course by the thick green belt which borders it all along the side of the bounding hills. Between you & the Abbey are slightly wooded green slopes dotted with grazing cattle. To the south is an immediate back-ground of trees, while beyond & above stretches a broad grassy bosom not unlike the bowl of the chalk down, save that the sky-line is sharper, but there are dales with clumps of trees, & mounds dotted with trees, never shifting cloud shadows over slopes that remind one of Sussex landscape. To the east is a long sweep of the unmistakable moor. Black in the distance, scanned by river, giving just the touch of wildness which preserves the scene from ~~as~~ ^{from} a beauty. Another feature of our stemmings ^{are} ~~are~~ opposite the east window - what is known as the Purple Rock. a high, perpendicular ^{see in} ~~irregular~~ ^{partly} ~~irregular~~ precipitous purplish bank, - due perhaps to the remains of iron. To the river itself no stemmings pertain, it is altogether soft sheeting in decay, - a cherished link between the past & the present, - a most pleasing witness to the continuity of the Church.

The scenery of the river itself is delightfully varied. The lovely pup gives you a stretch of smooth flowing water, still as a lake, yet dazzling, with a perpetual sparkle; here the river is blue with the aigue of the sky, slightly flecked with images of floating clouds, while beneath an

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green depths of shadowy forest, for here y alder dips
their branches in the stream, & "stand double, tree
and shadow." Reaching up to the high sky line, thick
is edged with a peaked spruce forest, on the softest
green boulders - spruce, cedar, beech, oak,
looking in their early spring dress like nothing
but the clouds above them, so yielding, their outlines,
hazy, their hues. Surely the leaping trout
made that splash! Yes, the angles knows its
whereabouts; there he is in mid-stream, trying
the water in a knowing way: nothing there: he darts
to the bank & strikes the stream higher up; probably,
you did not see that splash: the fellow that
made it must weigh at least a pound! & there
is another leap in the very spot you comned!

Over the wooden bridge, up, you come to a spot
where from long island, side by side a rocky
wooded divide the stream; the alders hang
over the margin & dip their branches in pure
luxury as an idle hand is busy out-of
boat. The divided stream is broad & shallow, very
as a mountain teeth, & flecked all over with angry
whit, for the boulders are in the way & impede
its course at every foot. On the further bank,
on the further bank, rising to great height, so
~~lower branches developing themselves~~, is the lower
bank of thick verdure, & displaying every tender
tint of early green, the warm flesh of the oak, & but
not yet the ^{greenish} green of the ash which is ^{soon} to
prevail in the coloring of the woods ~~it will~~

Above the islands you suddenly lose the stream, a thick clump of trees on this side meeting the woods on that; & then, an opening, a like dell the old folk would call it, a bit of the river no longer than it is broad, still as a lake, looking dark & deep as Goymers Pool, hemmed in altogether by depths of wood, thick on the further side, rise, & rise swelling softly into a hill, a mountain almost, edged by the black line of the moors.

Half a mile above the Abbey in a space of some three hundred yards, the Wharfe cuts its way through the ravine: the walls, of tumbled moor-grown boulders, rise sheer from the river, & ash & elm - reach up into the light curiously. Straight & tall - reach up into the light from the river's brink. The banks are not thickly wooded here, but every square yard offers a study of 'Art Embroidery' such as the South Pennine folk should delight in - the rich hues of the moor, bracken, harts tongue, hyacinth, starry catchwort, border blue, clouds of pink - & not, patches of red campion & yellow primrose, spending themselves on the adornment of these rugged boulders.

The rocks draw together, shutting in the river, enormous masses of fantastic shape, & curiously rounded by the

the wear of the waters when "Wharry" is in flood; her, in the channel, are nicely carved flats for the piers, - or are they the conches of the river nymphs? - & coffin like shapes with a sombre black fringe that an undetected night-owl, & 'pot-holes', quite round, sometimes three or four feet deep. ^{lower down} Still, the rocks, deserted, the river flows between, deep & still, but a line of light foam is mid-stream lefts of recent trouble: by & by, corrosion is the opening that a man may leap across, a fearful leap, for the water as deep below, but many try it, & sometimes hooks on a neighbouring tree then at that risk. "This Striding place is called the Strid!"

Just above is a cataract, a slight fall from six or eight feet, where the whole of Wharry comes tumbling through a narrow opening - an endless apron of amber beads - except that in the near corner the waters are flung against an elbow green, moss-grown rock which breaks the fall, & throws up again, not beads, but a tumultuous mass perplexed, gall delicious twists of chocolate & olive. Below the fall, what a hurrying & hurrying, what a leaping & leaping! rises you see more, case that the rocky basins are filled with working yeast, while, blown aside into corners her others are heaps of froth. Above this tumult, the river flows deep & still in a narrow channel which it has carved out

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of the grinding rocks; & presently, the lawn opens out, & a limning blue path stretches away into the heart of the Heathy woods.

And this is the person, said when the Boy of Egremont was - ~~not~~ drowned! alas, that ~~research~~ ^{research} should ~~make~~ ^{make} it clear that Mr. Falconer would tell ^{historical truth} the legend as it lay in his romantic spot.

Up stream on the left bank. Through an avenue of magnificient beeches with Colossal smooth grey trunks. to the right now, by a path which leads you into an open park-like enclosure shut in by Park Rail, a spur of the moors. This is Bolton deer park, where are the hoary giants of the forest, older than ever old when the Conqueror came, that remember the early raids of the Danes. The last spark of life he gave out of some of them, & they stand, enormous trunks with withered skeleton arms; standing, about ~~so far & rising~~, in others, the general Spring wakens a little stirring of the blood, on or two more vigorous branches hasten to clothe themselves as of old, while their gnarled brethren spread abroad with new, a leaf to cover their nakedness. One old trunk, "a mere shell, more than 30 feet in circumference was lately discovered in pushing a new wall. Among the depths of a solitude heretofore unexplored." Here the red deer have taken refuge, but even in his seclusion they are thy silent and baneful

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A little further, you are in the Valley of Desolation, otherwise Rosforth Gill. The Rosforth being a turbulent beek which in its way to the Wharfe. Here, too, the trees are grim with age, many of them weird skeletons. & others, when life appears to struggle with death, & a charred & fine of dead wood surround the living branches. Lightning has had its part in the ~~trunk~~, & here there is a trunk miserably shattered & bleated. In the rest, the valley offers merely walking over widely strewn boulders. A Valley of Desolation before, the Thunderstrom ^{last} only has wrought here a scene of singular havoc. A tremendous flood must have ^{run through} filled the Gill, & perhaps taking it to its foundation: such scouring, too! Time was when the boulders lay, composed, & decently ⁱⁿ a garment of moss; now every rock in the valley has been scoured, till, save in the general ^{the boulders} ~~countless~~ you might take the rock for debris nearly cast out of a quarry. At the head of the Gill the little Rosforth descends by a fall from fifty feet - pretty graceful enough, & no doubt fine when the beaks are in flood after heavy rain.

One more stretch, and have done: up the valley still, Rembrant Seat invites us. From which point we follow the river northward into great depths, & behold on a brow in the heart of the wood

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A ruined Tower, grey & broken down amidst the spring verdure, like a hoary core amongst children's children; still beyond & above the crevices, the excavating hills, barren seemed, as yet in impenetrable mass. This is Barden Tower, where dwelt by choice the gentle Shepherd Lord of Chirton, the son of that Lord Clifford who was slain at Tewkesbury Field, and to himself had claim to young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York. Wherefore the family of Clifford were in ill favour with the house of York, & after the battle of Tewkesbury their only hope lay in flight & concealment. Lord Henry, the heir, was deprived of his estates & honours during a space of twenty-four years, all that time he lived as a shepherd, for greater security, under the protection of the Steppethers, in the village of Threlkeld in Cumberland. He was restored in the four years of Henry VII.; his said bairn acquitted himself nobly & wisely in Parliament, & in battle, with the courage of his house race. But he was shy of men, & amongst all his castles & realties, he best-loved the solitude of Barden. There he cultivated a gentle friendliness with the monks of Bolton, who shared his ~~delights~~ ⁱⁿ the ~~solitude~~ ^{solitude} ~~solitude~~ ^{solitude}

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the brawling of a distant horse: you are startled for a moment by what you take for a human cough, but it comes from yonder white cow, the mountain sheep challenging you all round at first, but you chance on no human soul in these solitary pastures.

But we must not longer muse the delights & interests of this neighbourhood, you have yet to explore the shot of the Wharfe valley, above & below. Only one thing more: the glorious sunsets alone are worth coming to Grassington for. Here the sun ^{never} has always cloud curtains to irradiate ^{the} western hills & sink behind ^{the} eastern hills to offer reflected light: southern hill shows every tint of deep ~~purple~~ ^{purple} as it sinks behind the western hills; eastern hills glow in reflected light, while the southern hill, shows every tint of deep & purple; the river catches a rosy gleam, the valley seems to tender her after another as responding to the adieu of departing day.